

into the middle of next week by Cyclone was ferreted out by a reporter today.

A certain young lady, the belle of Venice, had refused Wess for the 'steenth time last night.

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**PRESS SAYS HE CANNOT
LIVE—GRACE LAUGHS**

Atlanta, Ga., March 15.—Paralyzed from his chest down and with death creeping through his veins toward his heart, Eugene H. Grace today jested and laughed when told that he was dying.

A nurse in the hospital handed him a newspaper in which was the signed statement of his own physician that he could not live.

"Oh, well, I have lived well," he laughed. "Better to die this way than live to be an old decrepit specimen of human misery like John D. Rockefeller."

And his wife, guarded constantly in a cell in the Tower, wept bitterly and protested her innocence of shooting the man she "loved better than life."

Grace still sticks to his strange story.

"My wife shot me," he reiterated this morning. "Perhaps she did it in a dream. I do not know. But I will not see her."

She has begged that she be allowed to see him, to talk with him, "just for a minute" before he dies. The authorities are willing to permit her, but Grace himself will not have it.

"I want see her. I want you people in charge at the hospital to see to it that she is not brought here," he cried when told today

of his wife's piteous condition. "I don't want to face her. She shot me, and I don't want to see her at all."

In view of the physicians' statement that her husband is dying, Mrs. Grace is preparing to fight for her freedom. She has retained Luther Z. Rosser, a noted criminal attorney, to aid her.

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**WE THINK IT—BUT
Why Don't We Say It.**



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George Randolph Chester, who wrote "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford," lives at New Rochelle, which George M. Cohan made famous as "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." A letter addressed to "Chester, 45 minutes from Broadway" reached G. Randolph all right the other day.

A man's idea of a good joke is one that he tells himself.